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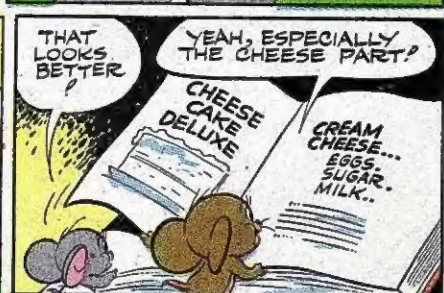
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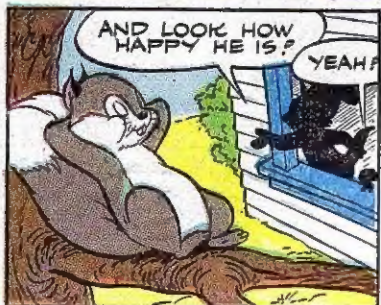
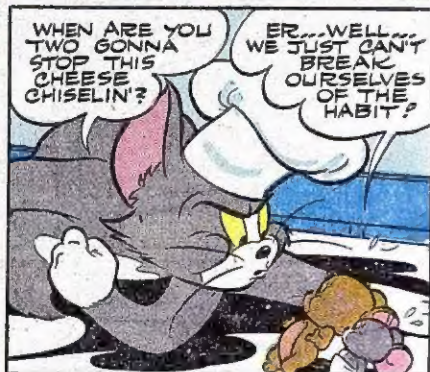
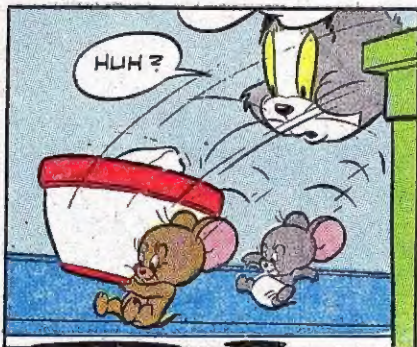
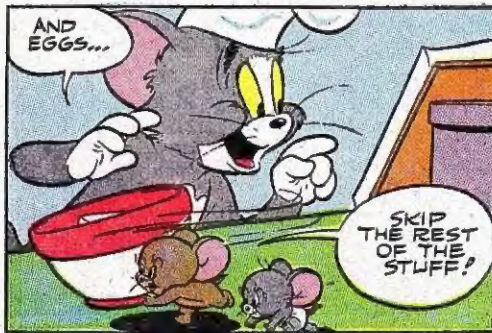


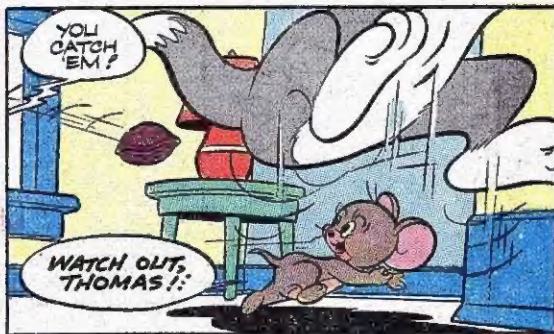
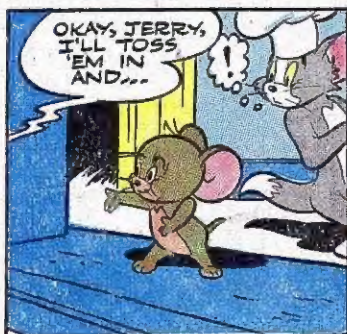
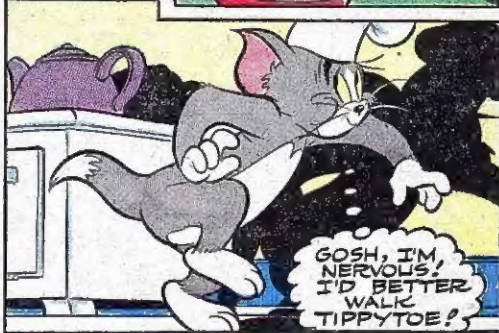
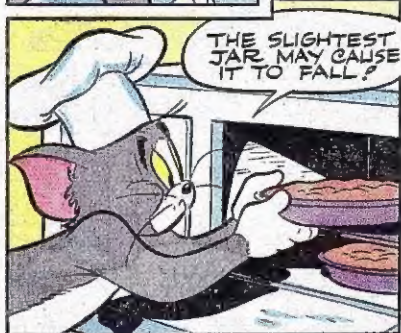
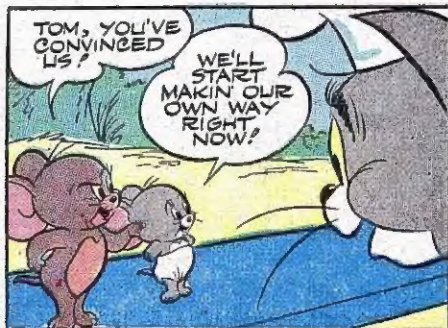
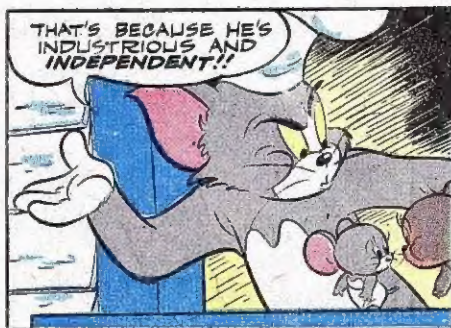
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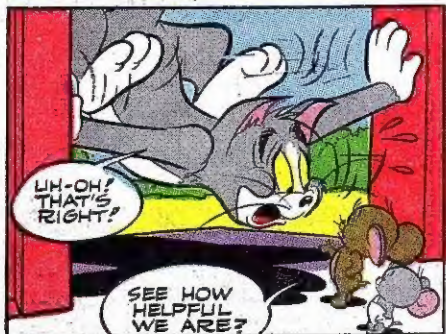
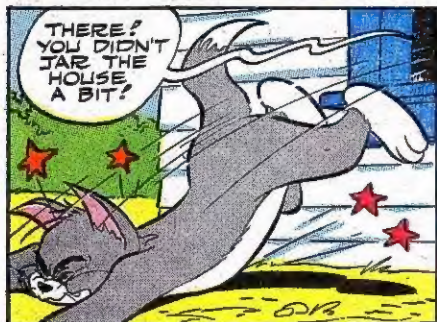
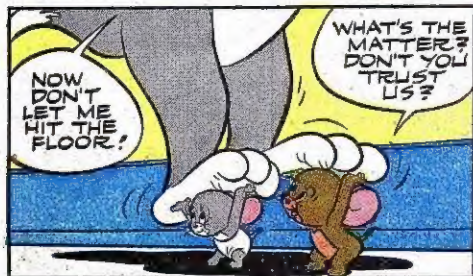
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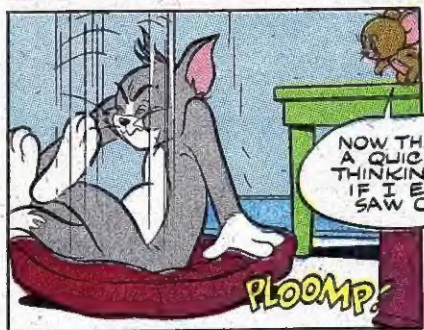
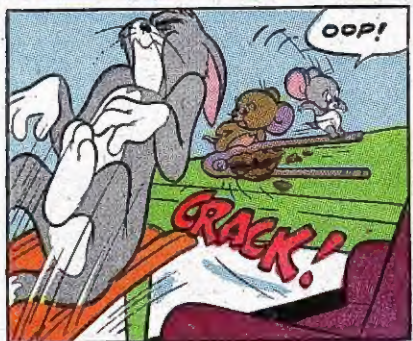
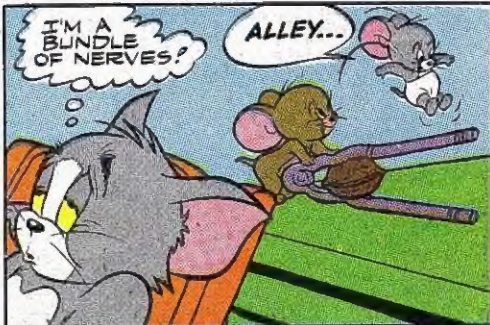
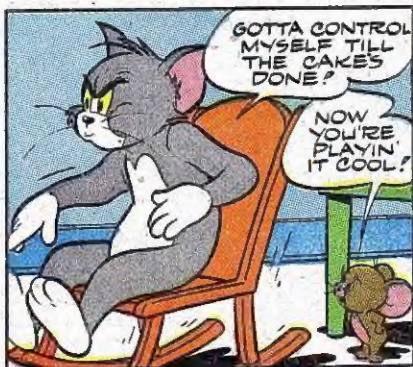
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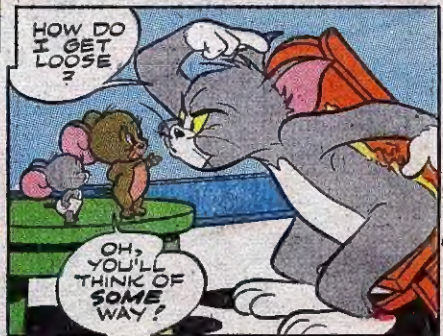
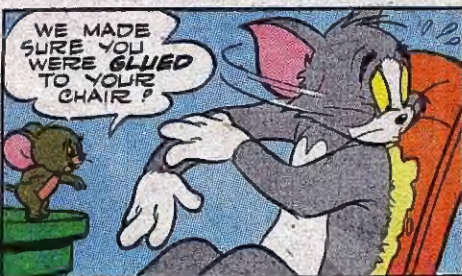
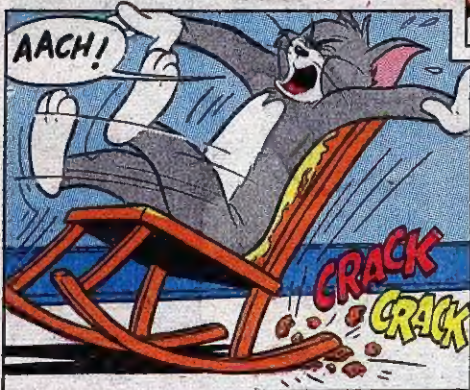
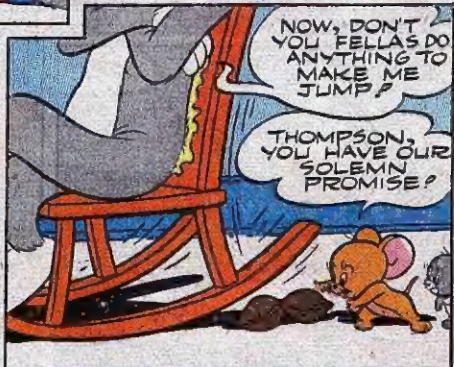
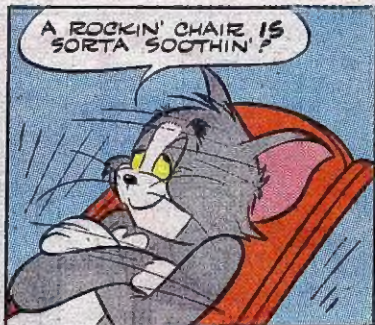
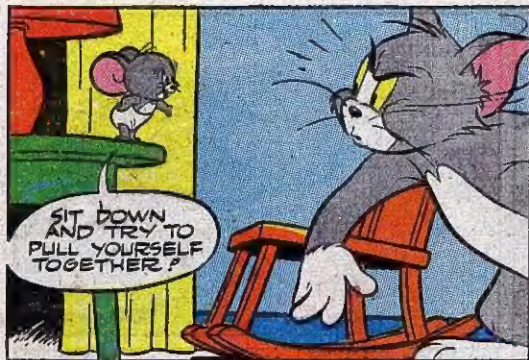
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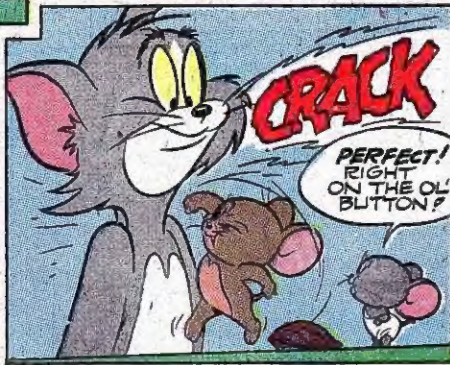
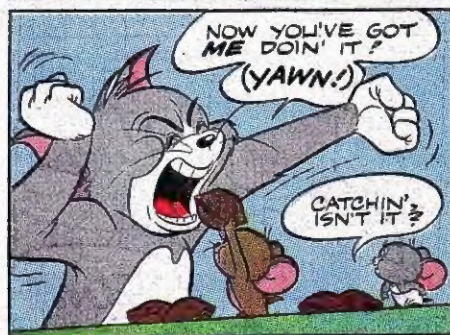
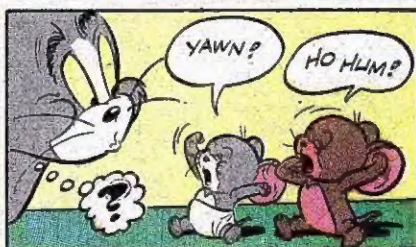
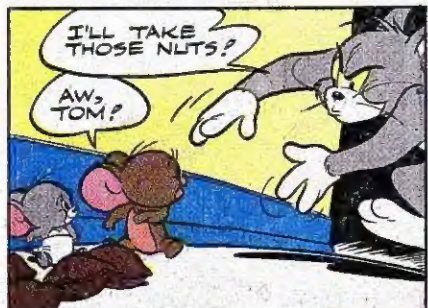


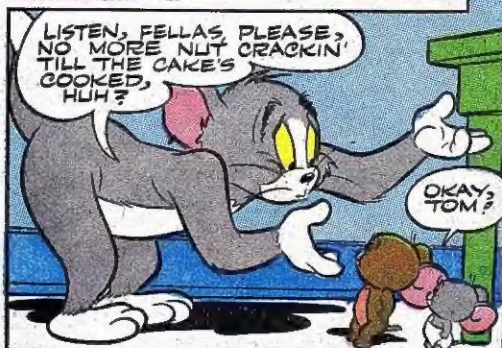
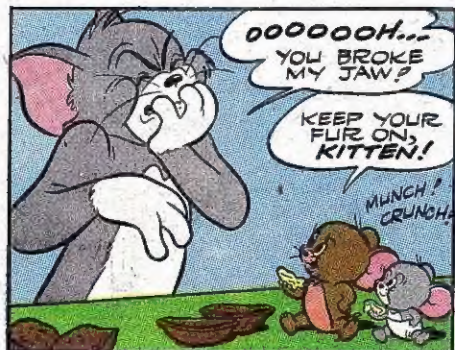


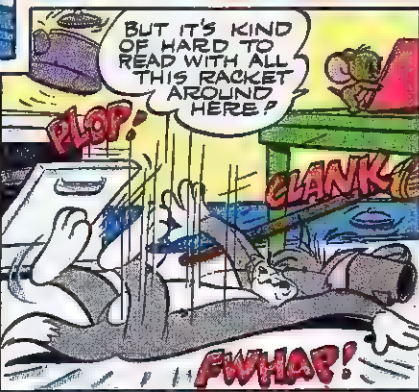
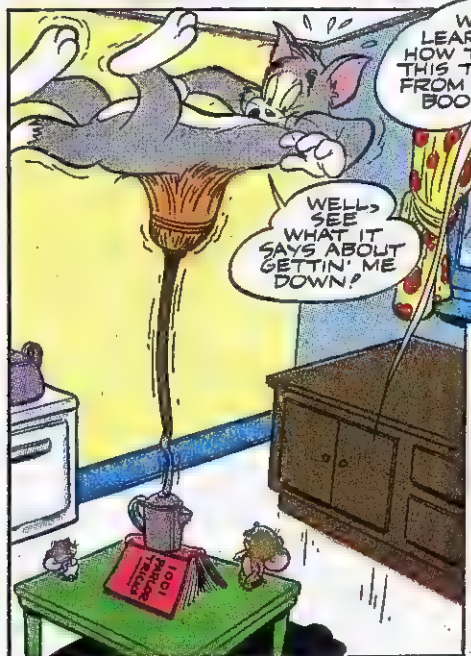
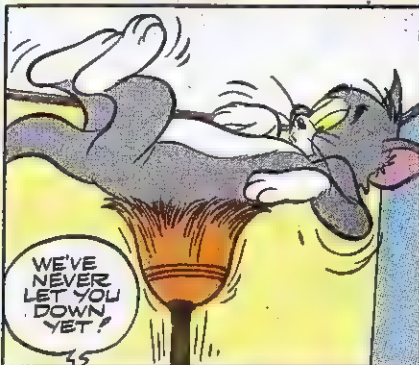
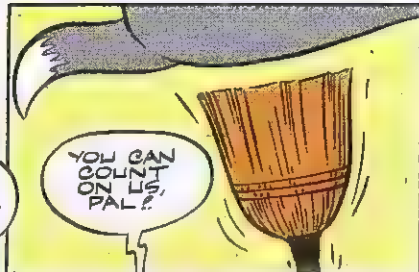


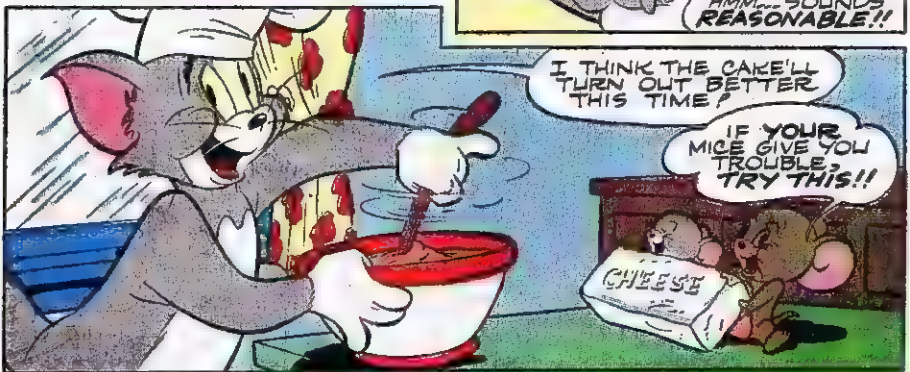
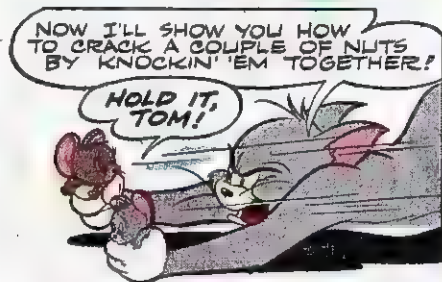
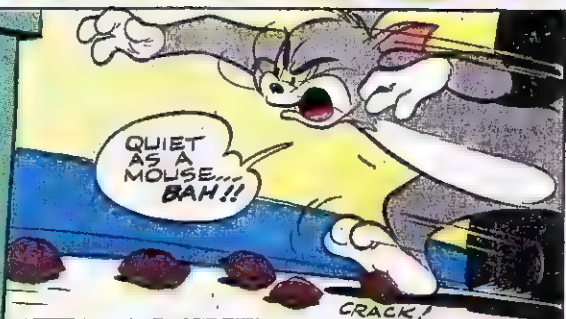
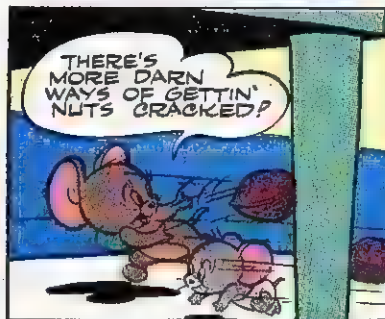
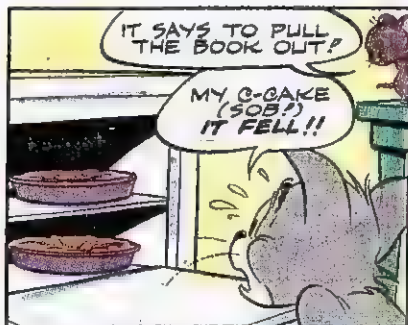






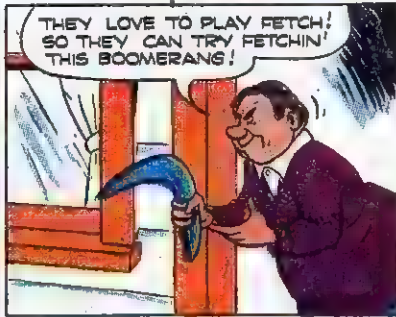
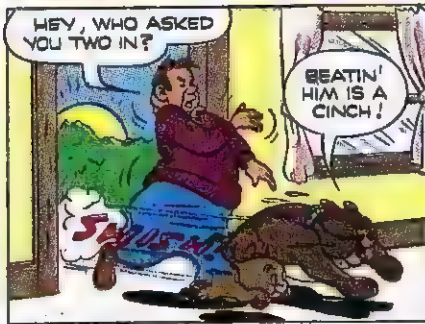
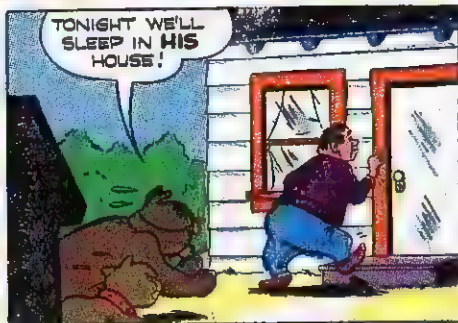
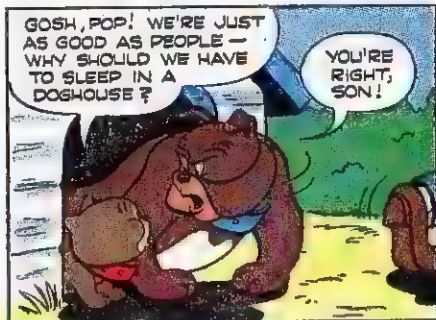
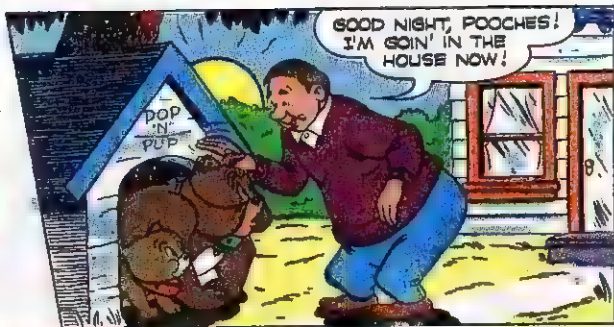


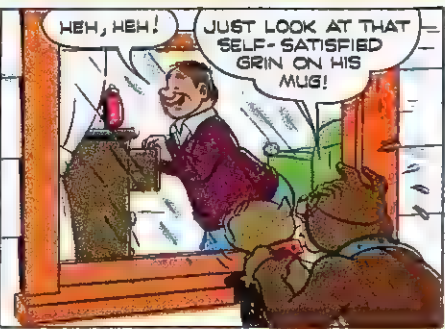
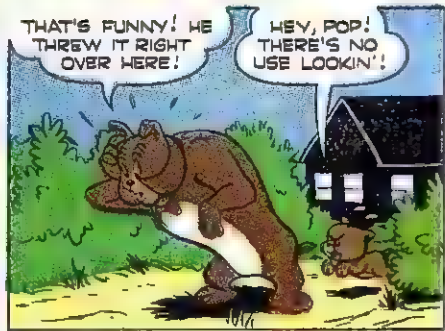
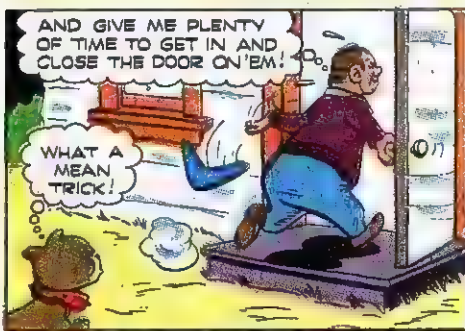
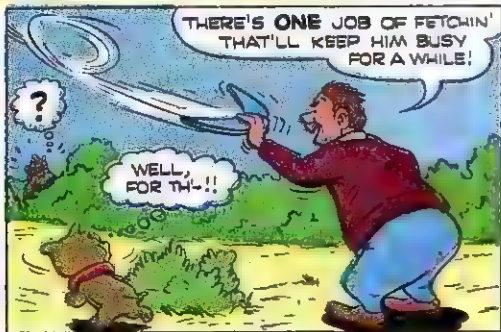
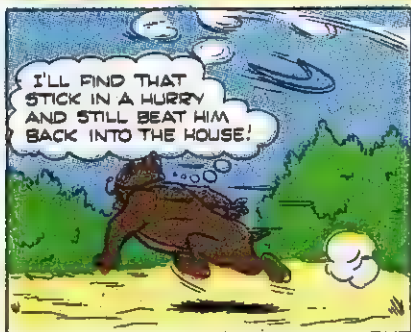
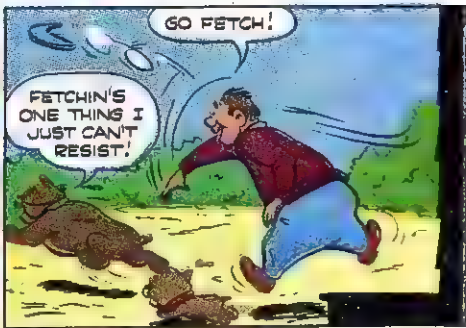


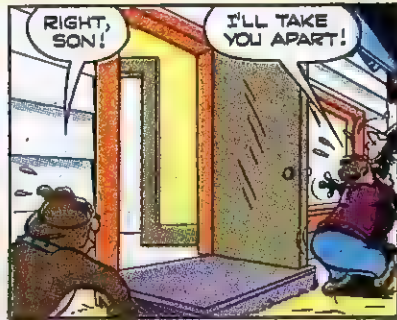
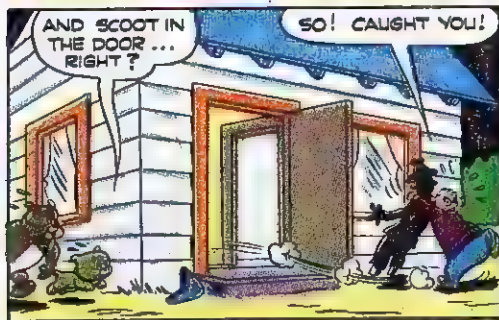
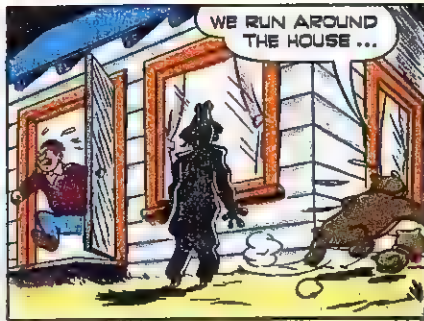
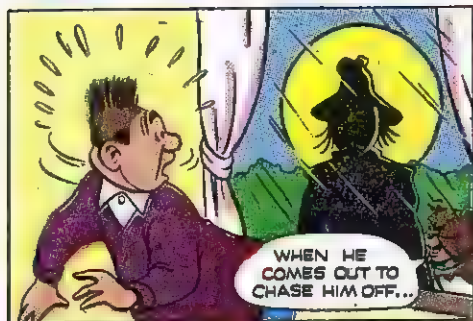
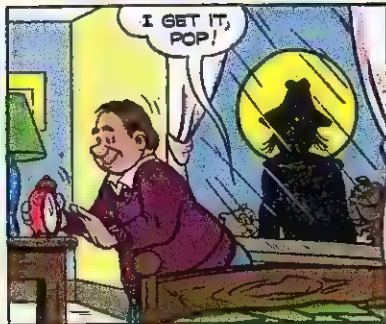
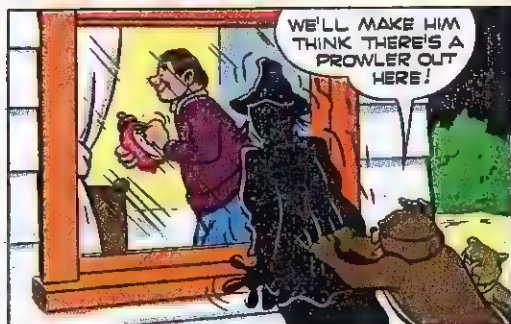


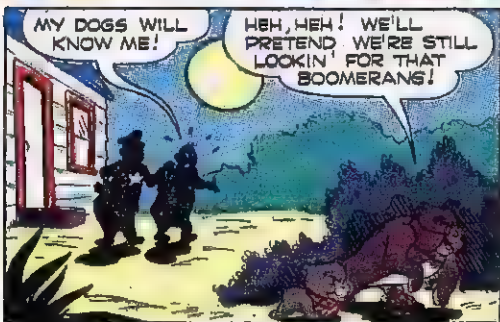
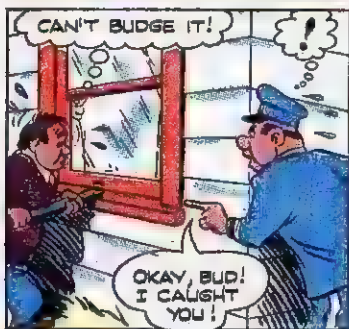
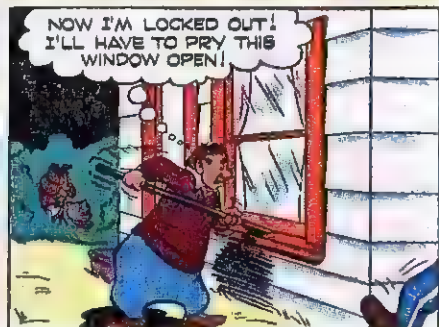
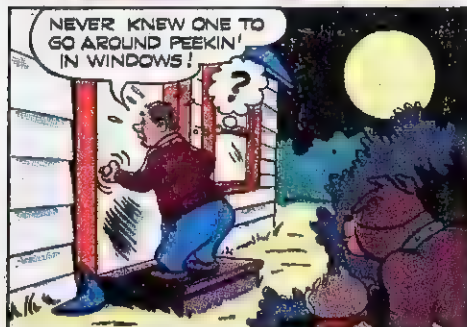
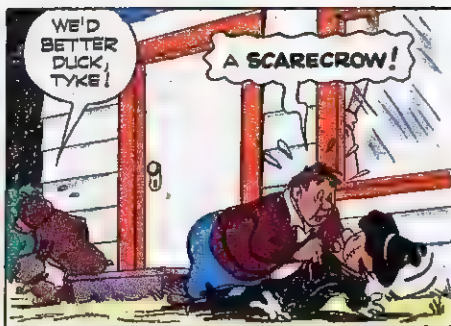
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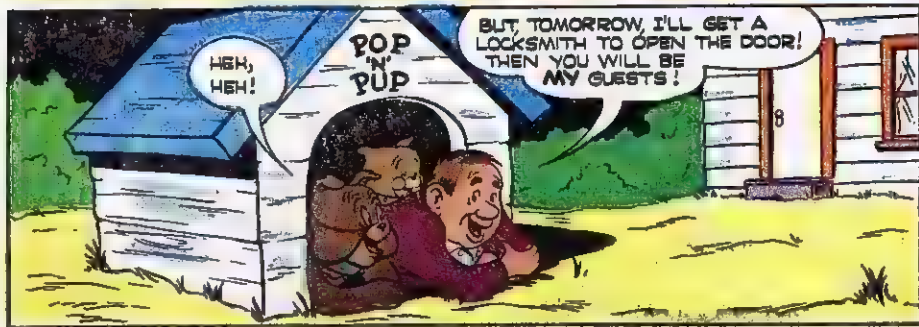
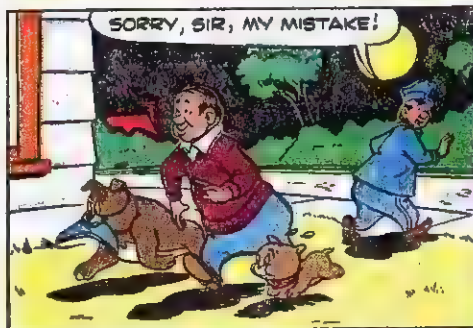
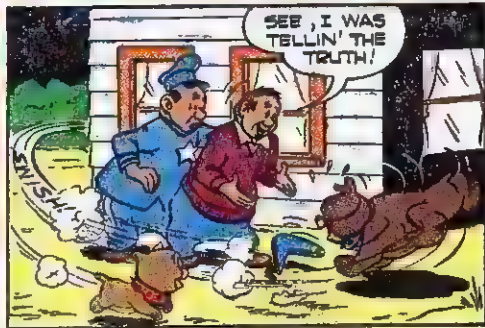
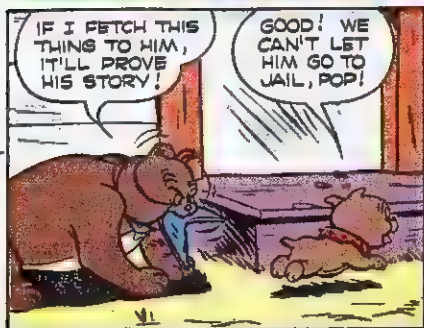
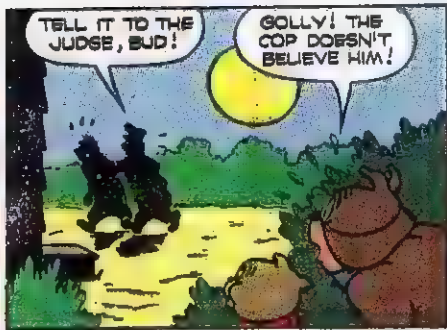
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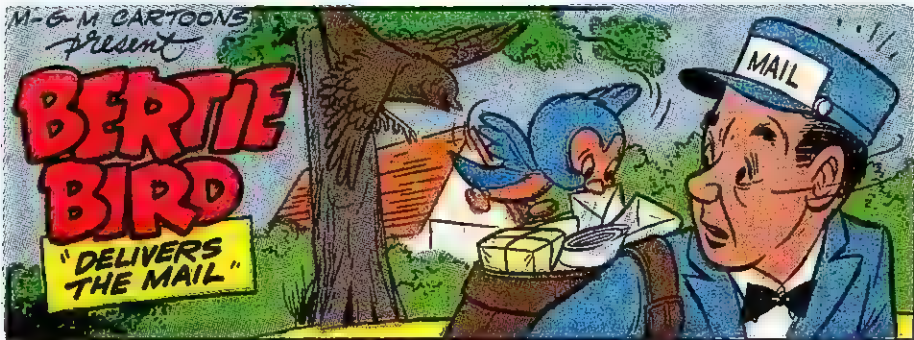




present

BERTIE BIRD

"DELIVERS THE MAIL"



"Cheer!" Bertie Bird exclaimed, as a piercing whistle rang out in Apple Tree Lane. "What's that?"

Susie Sparrow hopped up on the branch beside him. "I know what it is," she cried. "It's the mailman delivering letters to the Family in the Big House."

"I think you're right," Bertie nodded, peering out over the tree. "My," he sighed, "wouldn't it be exciting to visit so many houses every day? It must be fun to be a mailman."

"He has to carry an awfully heavy bag," Susie reminded him. "And he has to walk an awful lot, too. Maybe it's not as much fun as you think."

"What he needs is a couple of helpers," Bertie decided. His little eyes sparkled. "You know what? If he'd tell us where the letters belong, we could fly them there for him."

"That's a fine idea," Susie exclaimed.

They flew over to the mailman and landed on his shoulder. The mailman brushed them off impatiently. "Shoo, birds. I have work to do!"

Both Bertie and Susie Sparrow tried to explain that they wanted to help, but the mailman did not understand. "Stop that cheeping in my ears!" he shouted. He shifted his bag of mail to his other shoulder and shook his head, muttering, "I have enough to do without being pestered by a couple of squawking birds."

"Well," Susie cried indignantly, "That's a fine way to act when all we want to do is help!"

"He doesn't seem to understand," Bertie told her. "Maybe, if I take a letter from the

top of his bag and fly it to the very next house, he'll get the idea."

"Okay," Susie agreed. "I'll wait for you on that tree branch over there."

Bertie Bird made a dive into the mailman's bag, lifted out the top letter, and started to fly off with it. "Hey, you! None of that stuff!" cried the postman as he caught Bertie by the leg and pulled the letter out of his beak. "That's tampering with the U. S. Mails, if you want to know. You could end up behind bars doing that sort of thing!"

Bertie froze in mid-air. BARS! He shivered. He did not want to be in a cage of any kind.

The mailman waved him away. "Now, go along," he ordered.

"Come over here!" Susie whispered hoarsely. "I don't think this is such a good idea, after all!"

Bertie joined her breathlessly. "Did you hear what he said?" he cried. "Bars! They'd put us in a cage just for trying to help!"

Susie sighed. "Sounds pretty dangerous," she admitted.

Suddenly, Bertie Bird got an idea. "Say, Susie. We can STILL have our adventure without getting into trouble. All we have to do is follow the mailman from house to house. That way, we can see all of the people without bothering him at all!"

"That's a better idea," Susie twittered excitedly. "If he doesn't want us to help him, we'll just go along for the adventure."

The two little friends flew behind the mailman on his way to the next house, being very careful to stay out of his way. When he blew his whistle, a lady came to the door.

"Good morning," she said politely, taking the letters the mailman handed her. She glanced through them, then handed one back to him. "This isn't for me," she explained. "It's for Mrs. McPoor in the next house. It's from her son who sends her a check every so often. Please make certain she gets it."

The mailman mopped his brow. "I will, I will," he promised. "If it hadn't been for those pesky birds, I wouldn't have made such a mistake."

Just then, as he was reaching for the letter, a big black dog ran out of the house and jumped up on him.

"Come back, Bowser," the lady shouted.

But the dog snatched Mrs. McPoor's letter away from the mailman and went running down the road as fast as he could.

"Oh, my," Susie breathed, "that AWFUL dog!"

"Gosh," Bertie exclaimed, "that poor lady will never get her important letter if someone doesn't do something fast!"

At that moment, the mailman turned and saw them. He shook his fist at them and shouted, "Drat you rascally birds, anyhow!" He was so angry he could hardly speak. "If I didn't have to chase that dog, I'd really get after you!"

Then, he started to run down the road after the big black dog. But the postman's heavy bag of mail slowed him down so much that the dog got further and further away till he was almost out of sight.

"Come on, Susie!" Bertie Bird cried out. "We've got to catch that dog! We can go faster than the mailman can!"

Susie Sparrow flew rapidly alongside of Bertie. "What will we do when we catch up

with him?" she asked fearfully.

Bertie puffed out his chest. "Take the letter away from him and deliver it back to the postman," he said bravely.

When they finally came upon Bowser, the dog was sitting on the ground, holding the letter between his paws.

"NOW," Bertie called out to Susie. "HURRY!"

Bowser looked up at the two birds and began to growl, baring his teeth in anger. When Bertie flew close to him, he snarled and leaped into the air after him.

Bertie Bird was terrified. "I must get that letter," he cried, flying out of Bowser's reach. "What shall I do?"

"Oh, please be careful," Susie warned. "That dog has a terrible disposition!"

Bertie tried over and over to get close to Bowser, but, each time, the dog barked a threat at him. And, all the while, he could see Mrs. McPoor's letter lying on the ground . . . so near, and still, so hard to reach.

Suddenly, Bertie gritted his teeth and swooped down on top of the dog. Time after time, he pecked as hard as he could in every spot he could reach. Finally, Bowser could stand no more. He fled down the road.

"You're wonderful," Susie said as Bertie snatched up the letter.

The two little conquerors flew back to the mailman and bravely landed on his arm.

"Well, thank you," the postman said gratefully, taking the letter from Bertie. "I'm sorry I called you two pests. You are very wonderful helpers, indeed!"

Bertie Bird and Susie flew at his side while he delivered Mrs. McPoor's letter. Then, they scampered home, happy and tired from their most exciting adventure!



flip in dip

CAN WE GO SWIMMING, MA?

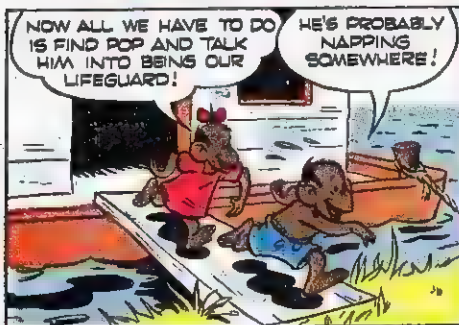
CERTAINLY, IF YOU TAKE YOUR FATHER ALONG TO WATCH OUT FOR YOU! THAT RIVER CAN BE DANGEROUS!



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NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND POP AND TALK HIM INTO BEING OUR LIFEGUARD!

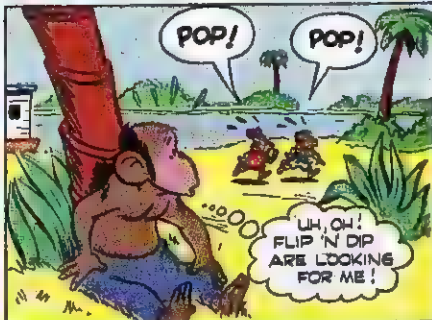
HE'S PROBABLY NAPPING SOMEWHERE!



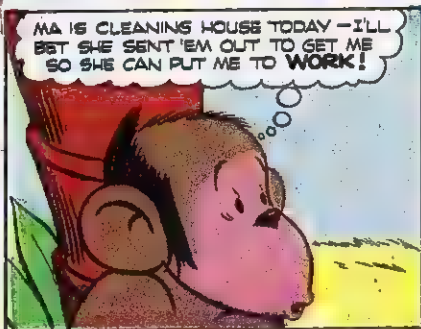
POP!

POP!

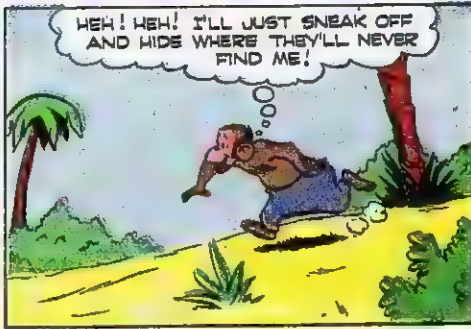
UH, OH! FLIP 'N DIP ARE LOOKING FOR ME!



MA IS CLEANING HOUSE TODAY - I'LL BET SHE SENT 'EM OUT TO GET ME SO SHE CAN PUT ME TO **WORK**!



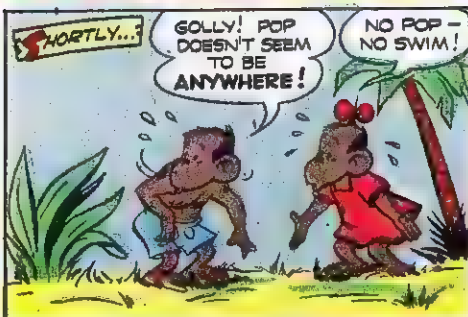
HEH! HEH! I'LL JUST SNEAK OFF AND HIDE WHERE THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME!



SHORTLY...

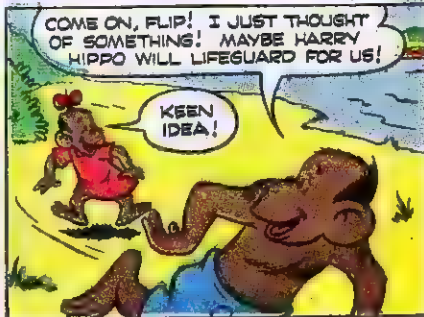
GOLLY! POP DOESN'T SEEM TO BE ANYWHERE!

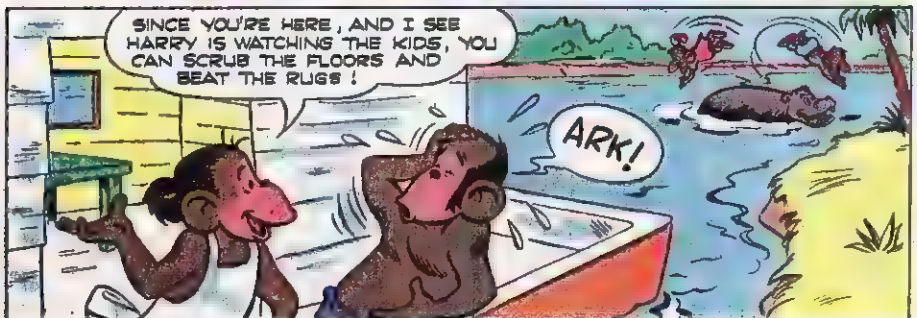
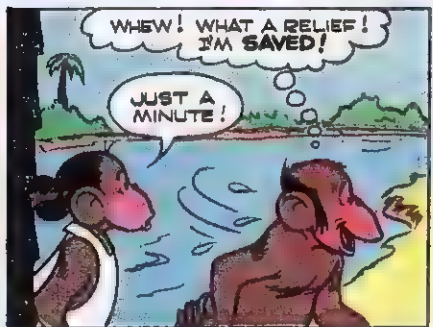
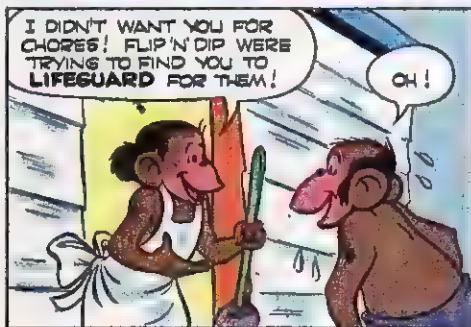
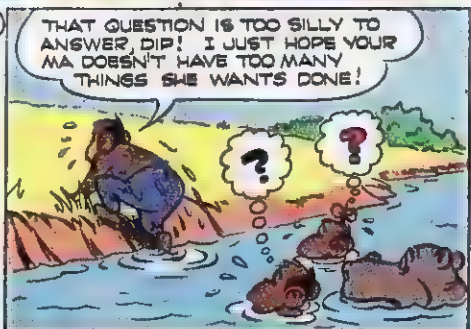
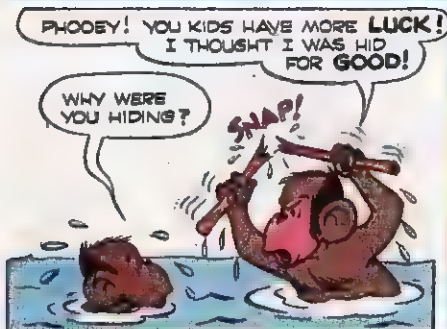
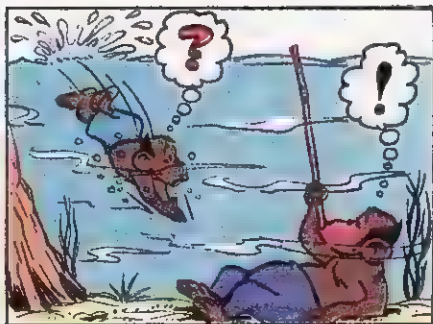
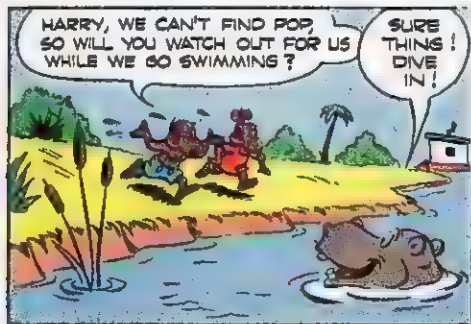
NO POP - NO SWIM!



COME ON, FLIP! I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! MAYBE HARRY HIPPO WILL LIFEGUARD FOR US!

KEEN IDEA!





M.G.M. CARTOONS
PRESENT

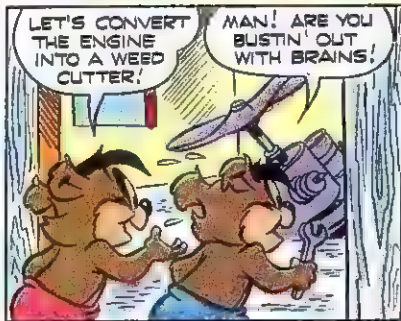
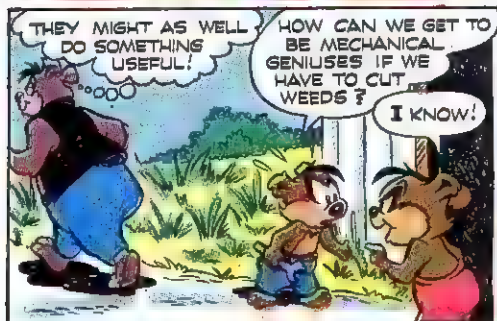
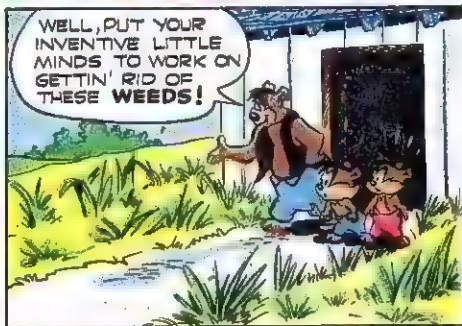
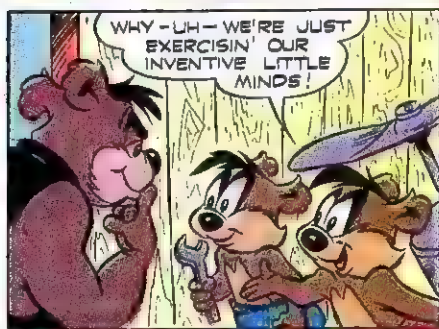
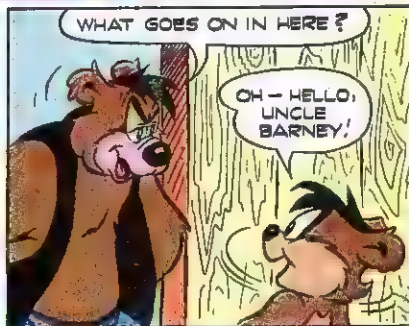
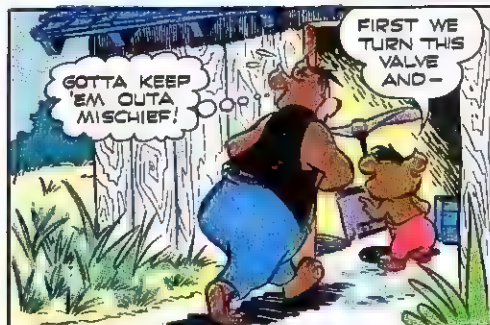
Barney Bear

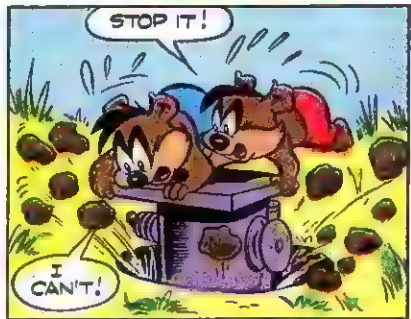
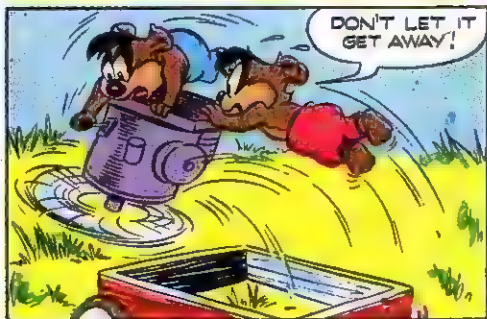
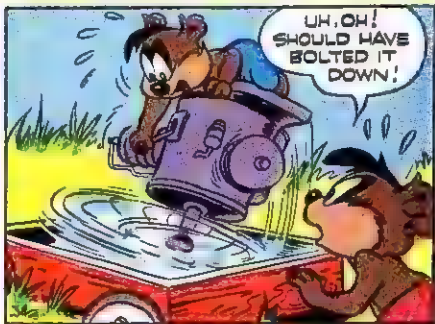
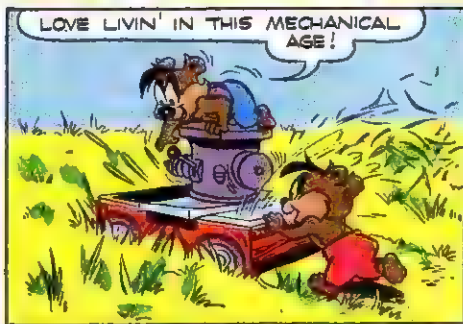
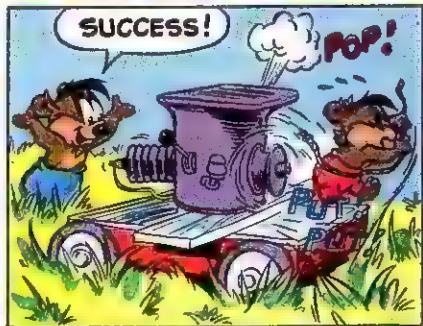
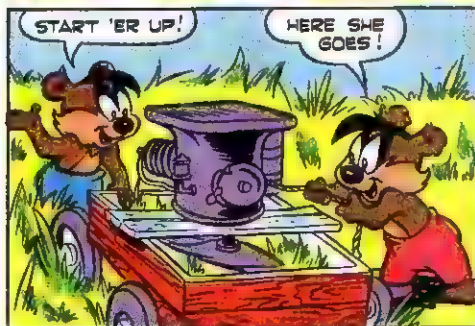
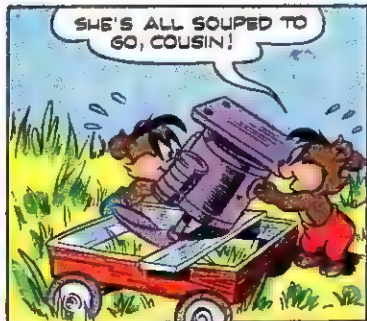
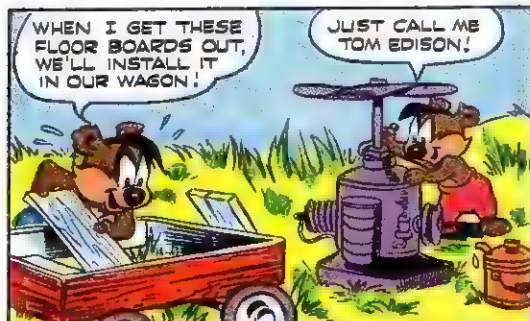
with
fuzzy and wuzzy

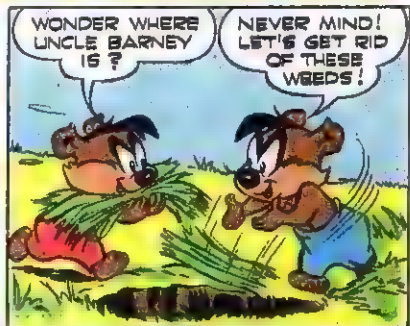
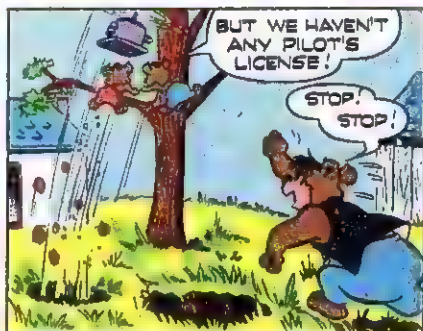
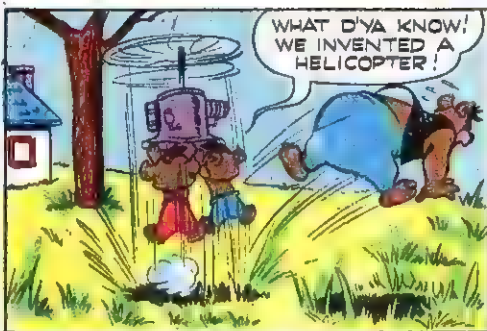
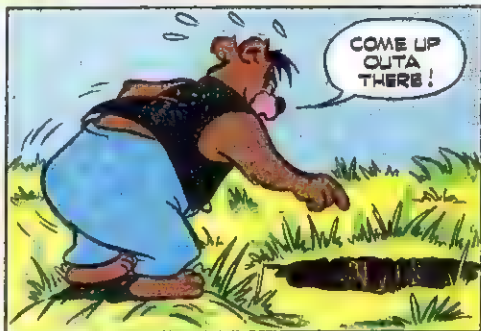
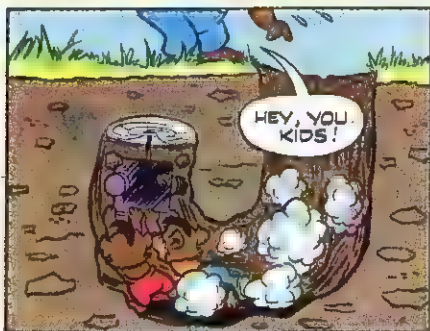
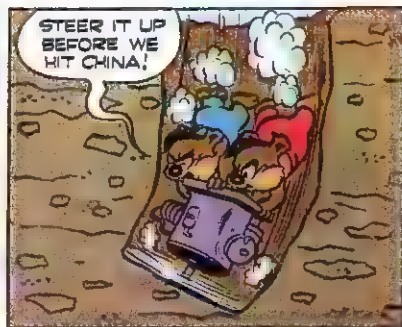
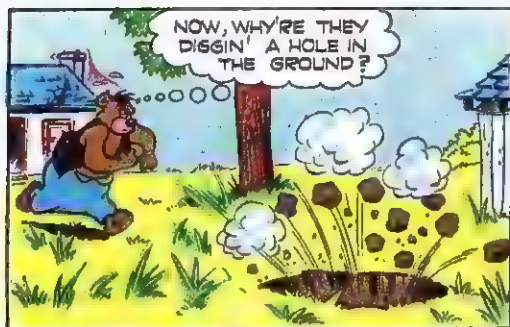
I'D BETTER SEE
WHAT THOSE KIDS
ARE UP TO!

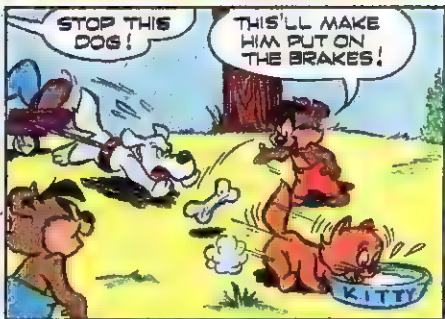
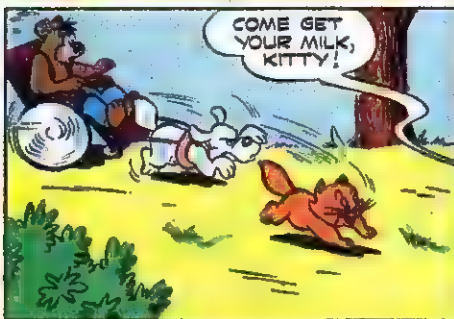
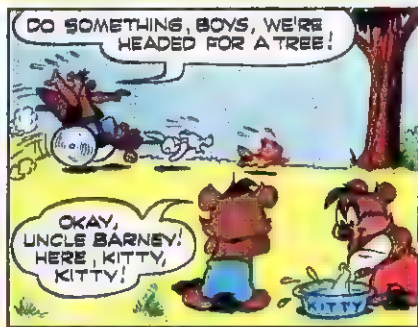
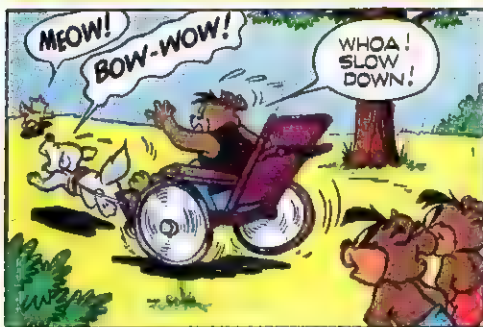
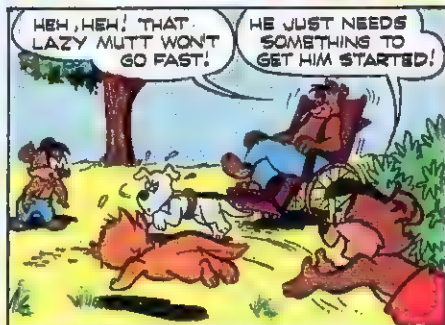
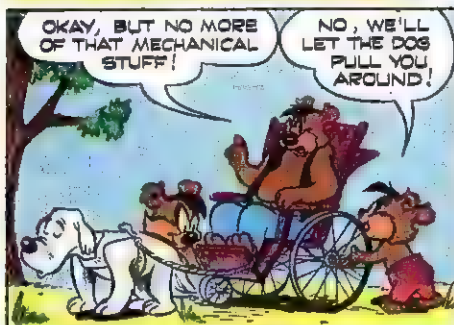
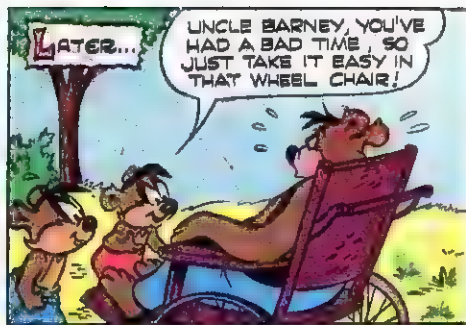
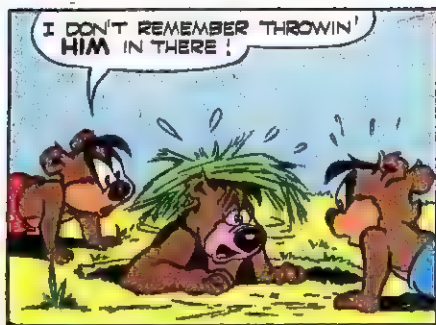
WONDER WHAT WE
COULD DO WITH
THIS OL' MOTOR,
FUZZY?

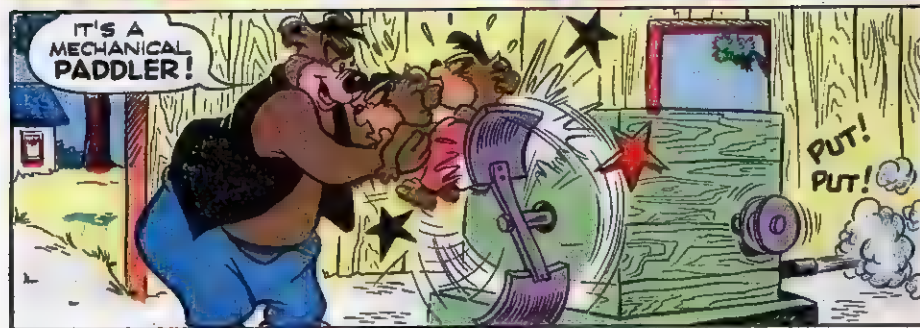
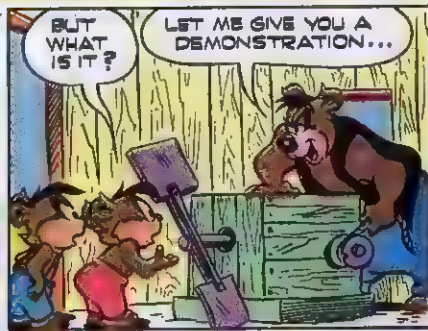
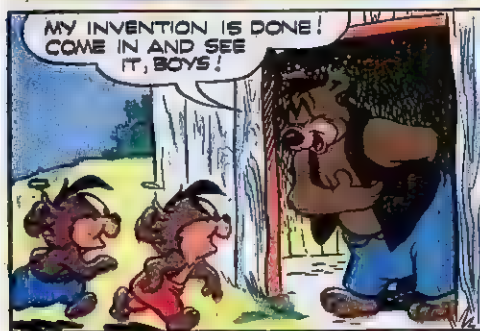
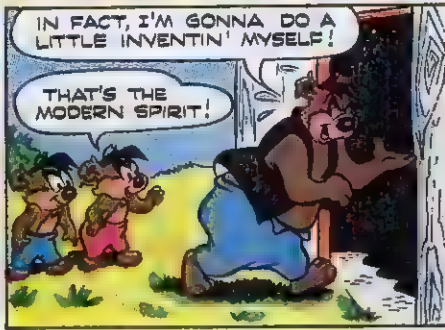
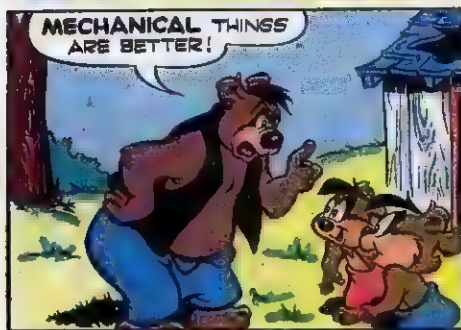
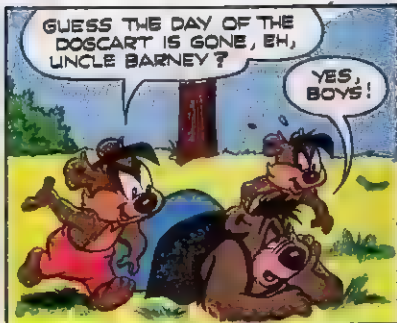
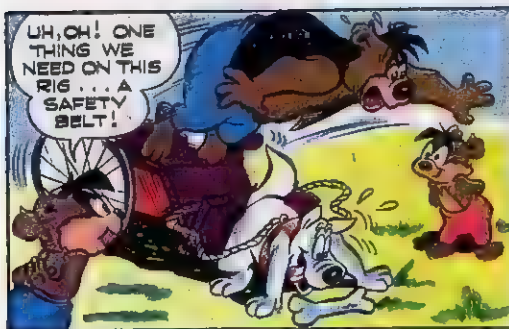
LET'S SEE
IF WE CAN
MAKE IT RUN,
WUZZY!











M.G.M. CARTOONS

present

WUFF

the
PRAIRIE
DOG

HOW
DID YOU
LIKE
THAT
MEAL,
SAMMY?

OW!

WHAP!

WHAT'S THE
MATTER...
TUMMYACHE?

NO! HEADACHE!

SOMETHING HIT
ME ON THE...

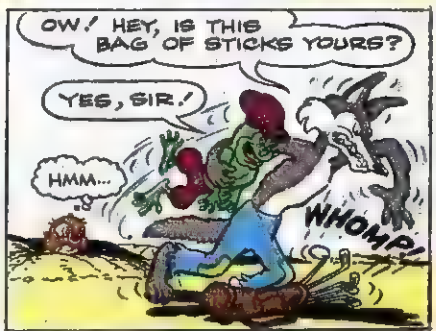
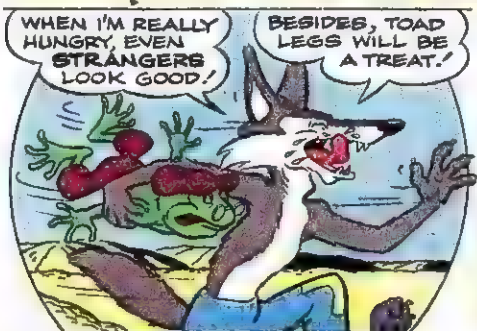
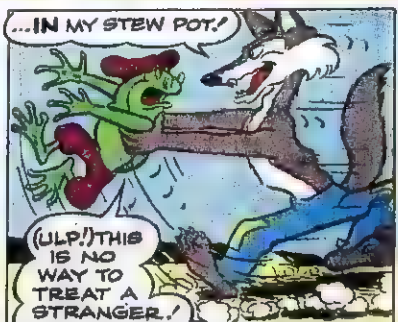
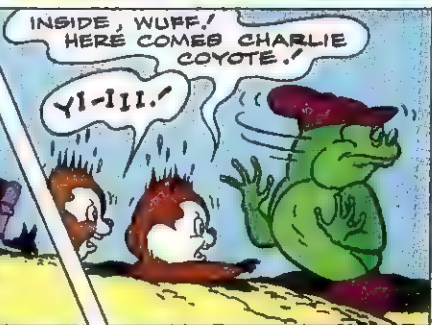
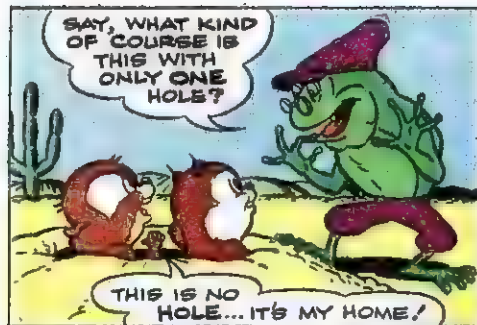
THERE IT IS!
A GOLF
BALL!

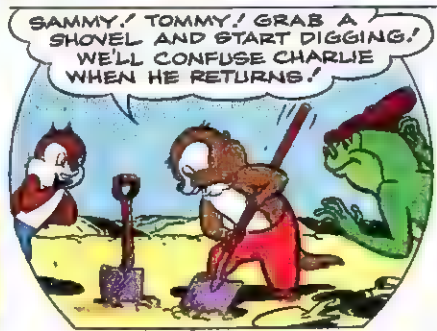
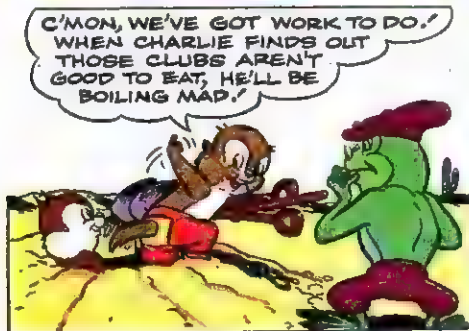
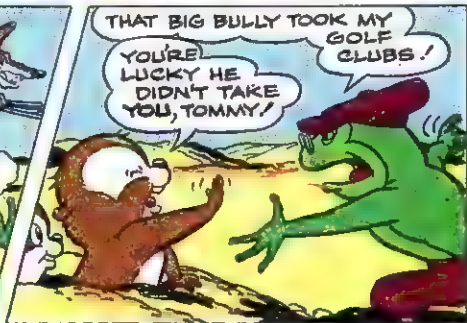
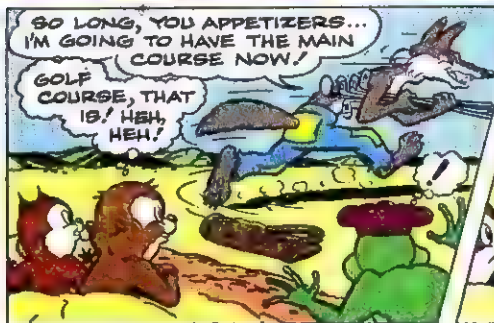
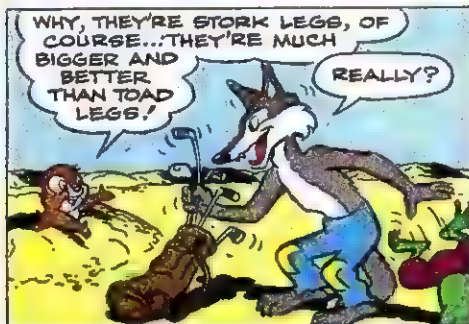
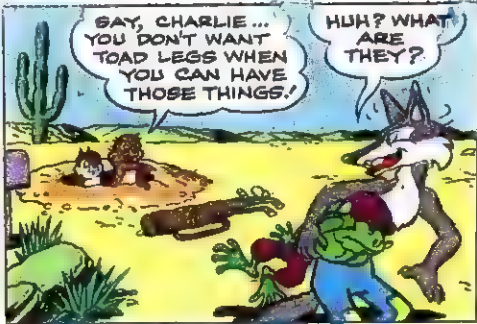
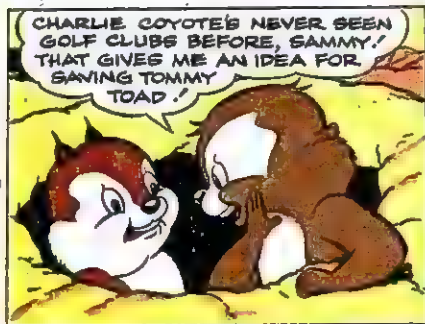
YAHOO!
A HOLE
IN ONE!

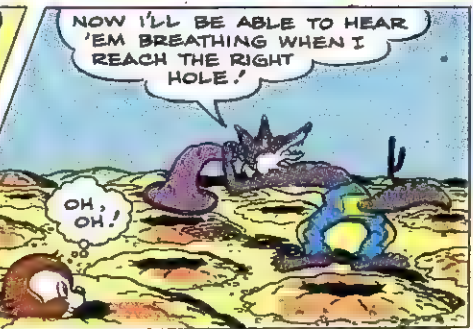
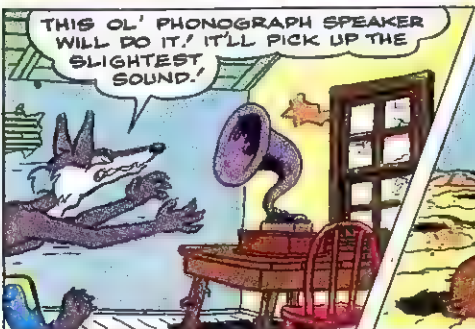
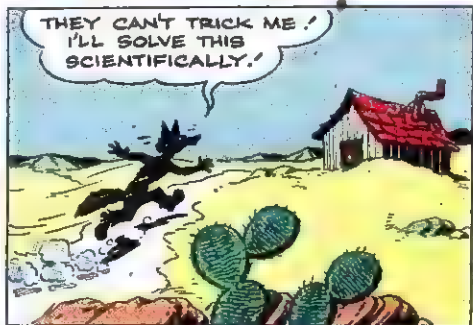
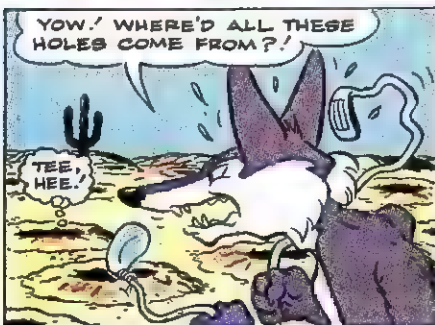
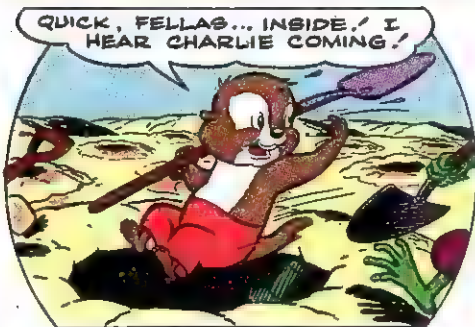
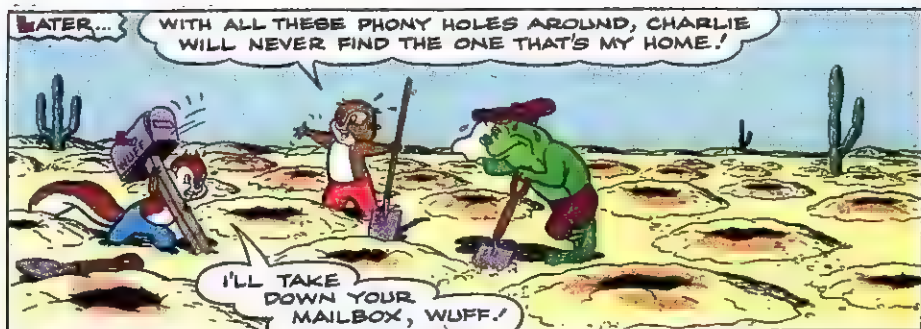
LOOK,
SAMMY, A
TOAD...
PLAYING
GOLF!

TOMMY TOAD'S
THE NAME,
GENTS!

CLANK!!







M-G-M CARTOONS

present

Jerry and Tuffy

LOOK, JERRY! WHO'S AFRAID OF
THE BIG BAD FISH? HA! HA!

TUFFY,
YOU'RE
A RIOT!

TELL YOU WHAT WOULD BE FUN!
LET'S GO SAILIN' ON THE LAKE
IN THAT UMBRELLA!

SOUNDS
REAL
FRANTIC!

HEY, THIS IS
A REGULAR
GLASS-BOTTOMED
BOAT!

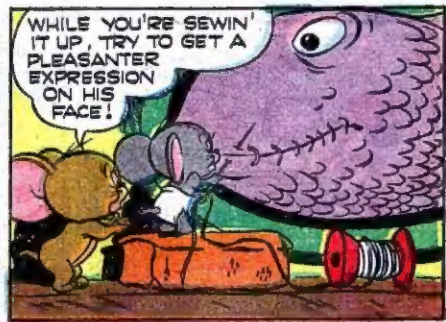
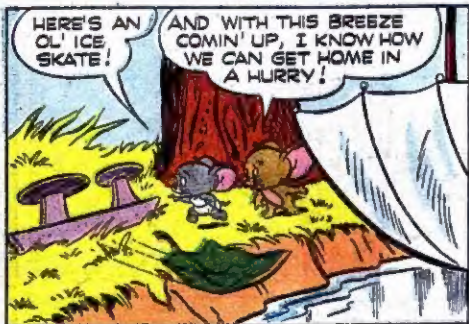
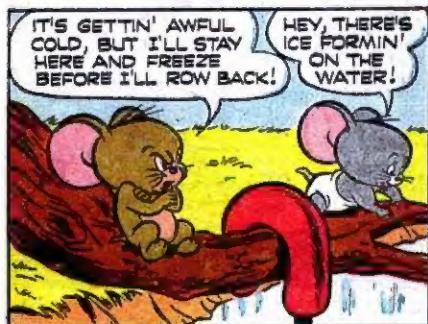
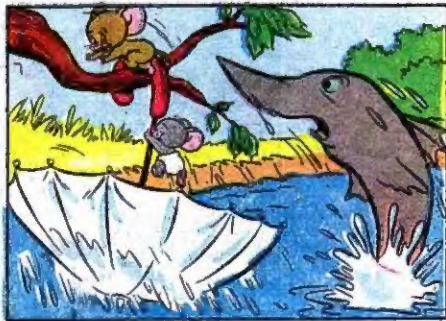
LOOK AT ALL
THE CUTE LITTLE
FISHES!

B-BUT—

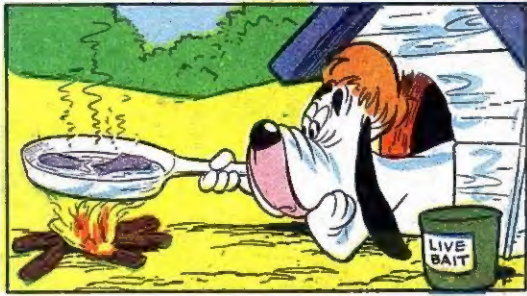
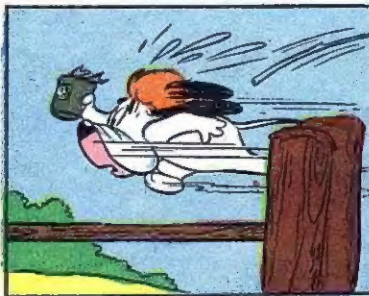
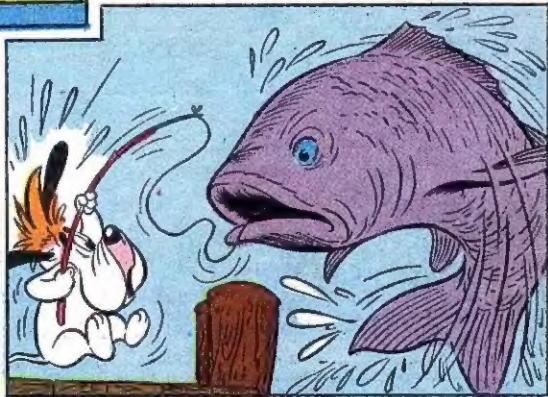
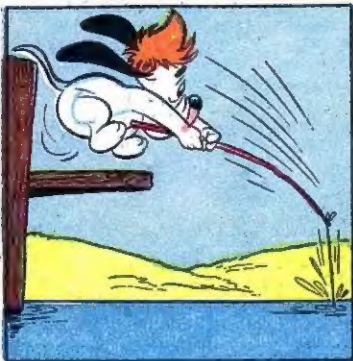
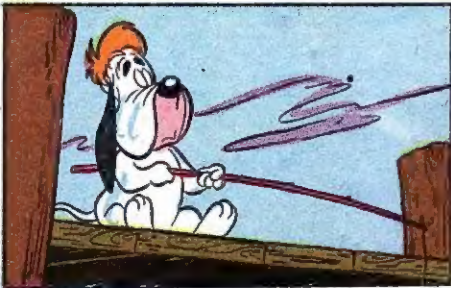
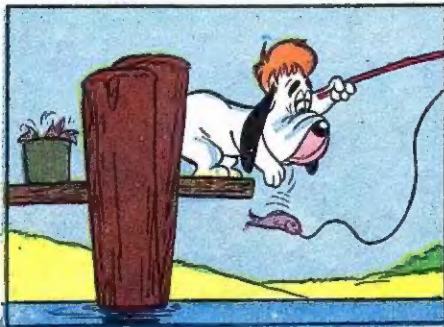
THIS ONE THAT'S LOOKIN' AT US
ISN'T SO CUTE!

(GULP!) HE COULD BITE
RIGHT THROUGH THIS
BUMPER SHOOT!

MAN THE OAR, JERRY!
HE'S AFTER US!

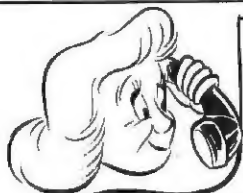


DROOPY

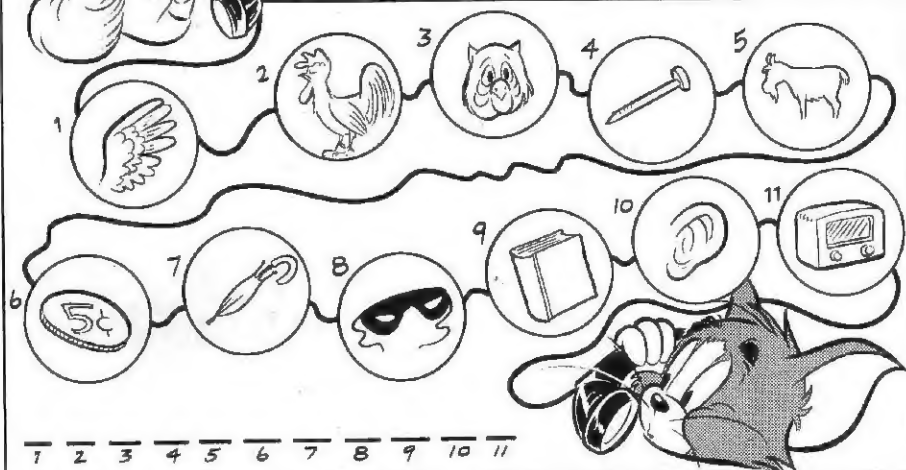


DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS

TOM FOOLERY



IF YOU PLACE THE FIRST LETTER OF EACH OF THESE OBJECTS IN THE PROPER SPACE, YOU'LL KNOW WHAT THE TELEPHONE OPERATOR SAID TO TOM.



DROOPY'S DIPPY QUESTIONS!

WHERE WAS KING SOLOMON'S TEMPLE?



ON THE SIDE OF HIS HEAD.

WHAT PART OF PARIS IS IN ROME?



THE LETTER R.

WHO WAS THE SMALLEST MAN IN HISTORY?



THE SAILOR WHO SLEPT ON HIS WATCH.

WHAT COAT IS ALWAYS WET WHEN YOU PUT IT ON?



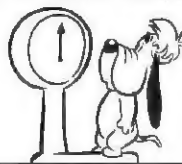
A COAT OF PAINT.

WHAT IS FULL OF HOLES BUT STILL HOLDS WATER?



A SPONGE.

WHAT ALWAYS KNOWS ITS OWN WEIGHT?



A FISH BECAUSE IT HAS ITS OWN SCALES.

YIPPEE! RIDE IT COWBOY!

THE

Schwinn CORVETTE

3-SPEED MIDDLEWEIGHT BIKE

Just take a ride on this exciting new bike and you'll see why the Corvette gives you more fun... more zip... more thrills!

WONDERFUL NEW SCHWINN FEATURES

New "Super-Speed" Design—3 speed gears and Schwinn's new faster rolling 1.75 Tornado tire make the Corvette the speediest, most up-to-date Balloon-Tired Bike on the road. Ride it today!

Beautiful New Styling—No other bike matches the beauty of the new Schwinn CORVETTE, with its sleek lines, exciting opalescent colors and sparkling chrome trim. See it today!



Deluxe Saddle with Handrail

3-Speed Gears

Stainless Steel Fenders

Patented Cantilever Frame

Powerful Headlight

Hand Brakes

New Style Luggage Carrier



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